BY MAX PEMBERTON

umid sky, and the lamps were begincadilly, when the opal of Carmalovitch first put into my hand. The day been a sorry one for business, no no sun, no stay of the downpour enetrating mist which had been to through the city by the driving a wind from the late dawn to the of sunset. I had sat in my prioffice for six long hours, and I not seen a customer. The umabearing throng which trod the before my window hurried quick-trough the mud and the slush, as e who had no leisure even to gaze precious stones they could not buy, s going home. In fact, as the one ble proceeding on such an afterand had my hand upon the great to it, when the mirror above my showed me the reflection of a culooking man who had entered the shop, and stood already at the ter.

the first glance I judged that this was no ordinary customer. His was no ordinary customer. His was altogether singular. He had lack coat covering him from his to his heels—a coat half smothered strachan, and one which could have made by no english tailor. But hands were ungloved, and he wore what, which might have been the of an office boy. I could see from little window of my private room, he gives my eye command of the that he had come on foot, and for of any umbreits was pitiably wet there was a fine bearing about him he was clearly a man given to comit, for my assistant mounted to my

man replied—
that he must see you immeI don't like the look of him at

the man replied—only that he must see you immetely. I don't like the look of him at least the must see you immetely. I don't like the look of him at least the condition of the shall in the shop?"

I shall in the shop?"

Ye's well; lef him come to the foot my stairs, and if I ring as usual, both you come up.

Ye's well; lef him come to the foot my stairs, and if I ring as usual, both you come up.

I this profession of jewel selling—a this profession nowae
every calling is a profession nowae
to more or less is of little mometa day's work. At my own place of the shop with six penic and the look of the shop with six penic at the state of the shop with six penic defines the matchal and personal pix seen the first of my only six free of the shop with six penic defines the condition of the shop with six penic defines the condition of the shop with six penic defines the least the state of the shop with six penic defines the shop with the large cases where the smaller is are shown, and by hight a couple is a responsible to the sightest doubt. I ring three the least the same shown, and my own detective folsony to be supplied to the sight state of the shop with the more unusual or fearful. There are many professional swinders—on the shalby-sented man entered considerable trifles—that precautions has sent unusual or fearful. There are many professional swinders—on the shalby-sented man entered the shall be shall

look at it?"

He had been holding out the tongs, in which he gripped the stone lightly, for some seconds, and I had not yet ventured to touch them, sitting, I do not doubt, with surprise written all over my face. But when he spoke, I took the opal from him, and turned my strong glass upon it.

"You seem to have brought me a fine thing," I said as carelessiy as I could. "Is it a stone with a history?"

"It has no history—at least, none that I should care to write."

"And yet," I continued, "there cannot be three larger opals in Europe; do you know the stone at Vienna?"

"Perfectly, but it has not the black of this, and is coarser. This is an older, so far as the birth of its discovery goes, by a hundred years."

I thought that he was glib with his tale for a man who had such a poor one; and certainly he looked me in the face with amazing readiness. He had not the eyes of a rogue, and his manner was not that of one criminally restless. "If you will allow me." I said, when I had looked at the stone for a few moments, "I will examine this under the brighter light there; perhaps you would like to amuse yourself with this parcel of rubles."

This was a favorite little trick of mine. I had two or three parcels of stones to

which could only be accounted for by the beauty of the gem.

Being come to this determination, I left my own house in a hansom cab on the following evening at half-past eight oclock, taking Abel with me, more after my usual custom than from any prophetic alarm. I had money upon me sufficient only for the payment of the cab; and I took the extreme precaution of putting aside the diamond ring that I had been wearing during the day. As I live in Bayswater, it was but a short drive acroes Paddington green and down the Marylebone road to Boscobel place, and when we reached the house we found it lighted up on the drawing room floor, as Abel had seen it at his first going there. But the hall was quite in darkness, and I had to ring twice before the shrill-voiced dame I had heard of answered to my knock. She carried a frowsy candle in her hand; and was so uncanny looking that I motioned Abel to keep a watch from the outside upon the house before I went upstairs to that which was a typical lodging house room. There was a "tapestry" sofa against one wall; half a dozen chairs in evident decline stood in hilarious attitudes, some some by shades of giass, decorated the mantelpiece, and a sampler displayed the obviously aggravating advice to a tenant of such a place, "Waste not want not." But the rickety writing table was strewn with papers, and there was a treat of acid by a gravating advice to a tenant of such a place, "Waste not want of cafe there had grown cold in the dish.

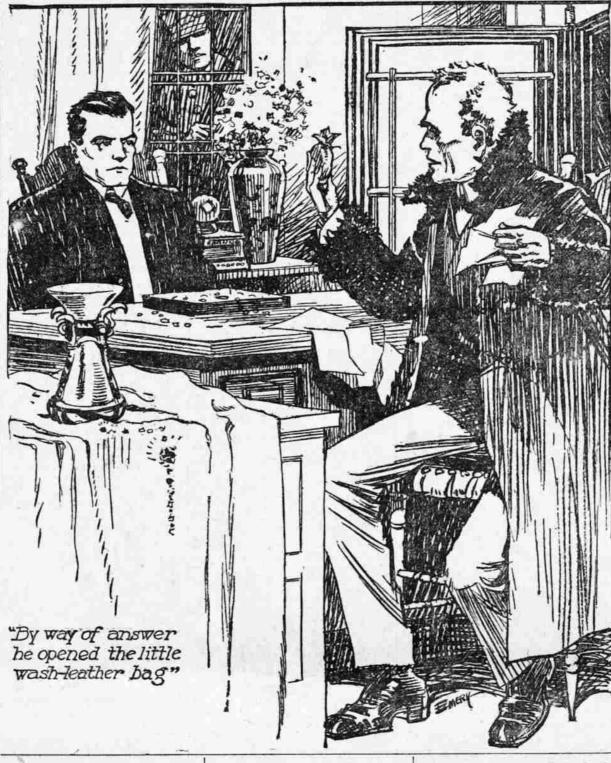
The aspect of the place amazed me.

the man's death added the

Beyond these he had the opfamily had possessed for 306
ing it originally in Viennasession, however, had been, i
of some absurd tradition, an
profound secret, and when
exash came, the man whose
witnessed took it as his for
some years he had lived free
at Nice, at Naples, where
but his money being almost
brought his wife to England
attempted to sell the jewel, at
tell nothing of his history,
father's name should suifer, ho
buyer and dragged on from
month, going deeper in the
poverty until he came to me.
I have told you.

Of the opal which I saw a
crushed in the ledging house is
place, but one large fragment
I have had that set in a ring
sold it today for £50. The m
go to Mme. Carmalovitch, whe
turned to her parents in Naples
suffered much
(Next week; "The Nexther)

suffered much. (Next week: "The Necklace



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## The Genevieves I Know

## THE GENEVIEVE WHO MARRIED ANOTH BY HELEN HELP :

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had been a prominent citizen for a considerable number of years, having risen to that proud eminence by his

risen to that proud eminence by his own exertions.

This was perfectly true and very beautiful. James said so himself. And if James didn't know about it, who did, I should like to know?

Genevieve had started out a sweet little thing with blue eyes. She was still little, but had ceased to be sweet. That is, the outward and visible signs of sweetness had, as it were, moved forward into the everlasting whence, or perhaps, been dropped on the road back into vesterday. Yes, that is it. They were lost on the road to yesterday accumulates quite a bit of lost junk like that. In this case it had not only all visible claims on the part of Genevieve to be considered a sweet little thing, but it had the light of her blue eyes when she looked at James, and the song in her gentle heart when she thought of James, and even the pride she used to thrill with when James first began to be a prominent citizen.

At first when they were married.

with when James first began to be a prominent citizen.

At first when they were married. James used to tell Genevieve how hard he meant to work and how high he meant to rise. And Genevieve, looking in the gray eyes of him, felt sure he would succeed and was so glad about it. If she had looked also at the lines of James's mouth, which strongly resembled a steel trap in its inherent powers of closure, and also in the fact that it had no line whatever, maybe she might have doubted a bit. Not that James would rise bigh—nay, nay. But just how far she herself must accompany him on his ascension. But, being eyes of him, felt sure he very much in love with James, and



And Genevieve, looking in the gray

James did not go into politics. He had the gravest doubts as to the stability of our institutions unless bolstered bility of our institutions unless bolstered come home before train time."

bility of our institutions unless bolstered by bility of our institutions unless bolstered up by a sound financial policy and supported by our moneyed people. So James went into the business world, and became, after a considerable period, one of our steel magnates. This is quite indefinite enough for all practical purposes, because we have a great many steel magnates, the entire country west of Pittsburg being full of them. And it is also safe in that steel is spelled with out an a. Otherwise—

Well, James became a magnate. He acquired, by earnest and honest labor, certain valuable properties, and he associated on terms of equality with millionaire owners, and in the course of time with multi-millionaire proprietors. Where was Genevieve? Well, Genevieve was at home. James could not take her to directors' meetings, could he? No place for a woman, you know and besides Genevieve could not understand what they were talking about. And if she could, it mightn' be so very good for her.

As stated, James began by telling Genevieve how high he meant to climb. "I have the power." he would say. "I can see just how this and that and the other thing ought to be engineered." And the perfectly strange thing was that it was true. He had.

And Genevieve would say, "I know you can, James, and I am just as sure as can be that some day you will get just what you want." And that was true, too. He did.

Then, after a while James would say, "Genevieve, I am called out to a meeting tonight—don't wait up for meeting tonight.

Genevieve has felt so lost and left amazingly at this intelligence—till she notices that she is moving out of her old neighborhood and so far away from the First Baptist church of which she has been a member all her life.

That seems almost too much, but she comforts herself with the thought that now she will sometimes see James about the new house. She having had no children, and being merely a sweet little thur, with blue years had failed in all

children, and being merely a sweet little thing with blue eyes, had failed in all these years to build up much of a sense of her own importance in the scheme of things. So she says, "The house is very pretty, James," and creeps into her gorgeous rooms, that an upholsterer has planned for her, as lost as a little gray mouse in a feather bed. James had about forgotten Genevieve in the old house. In the new housewhich was a peach—he began to be ashamed of her. And when everything was perfect, the palace complete to its last frill and hit of faience, and they gave the housewarming, he actually blushed.

The rapidity of the cur

James had invited several of his James had invited several of his friends from the east to stay in the house. They shook off shekles as they moved and their wives wore Paris gowns. To save her life Geneviove couldn't keep from showing how scared she was. And they, looking at what was left of the sweet little thing with blue eyes, whom their associate had led to the altar in a mistaken moment of early youth, whispered among them

to the altar in a mistaken moment of early youth, whispered among them selves, "What a pitty Jim should hamper himself with such a woman!"

And, being a prominent citizen, awake to all that was for his own best interests on that climb of his to the heights, in time James took their view of the situation. And when he did, with his famous business promptitude, James ceased to hamper himself.

To save her life Genevieve couldn't help from showing how scared she was.

James ceased to hamper himself.

Genevieve has all that h and is amply provided for, fat, puffy little cupids are about the head of James. ly to espouse the lovely de of our most prominent fa

The rapidity of the c verity of an attack of upon how early the treat first feeling of lassitude the attack will be light a If the treatment is di bones begin to ache the

William and Ann streets,